



JACK THE GIANT-KILLER.



Published by
KEPPLER & SCHWARZMANN,
J. KEPPLER, Pres., A. SCHWARZMANN, Vice-Pres.,
E. A. CARTER, Sec. and Treas.,
295-309 Lafayette Street, New York.

PUCK
No. 1854. WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 11, 1912.
A. H. FOLWELL, Editor

Issued every Wednesday, - \$5.00 per year.
\$2.50 for six months. \$1.25 for three months
Payable in advance.

Cartoons and Comments

THE BLIGHT OF MURPHY.

THE usual fight to oust MURPHY is on. Whether MURPHY goes or whether he stays is, however, of small importance compared with the need of ousting what MURPHY stands for from the Democracy of the State of New York. MURPHY is but a tag, a name-plate. Previous tags or name-plates were CROKER, KELLY, TWEED. Perhaps—very likely—there will be other tags or name-plates after MURPHY is deposed, but some day there will be a fight to a finish, and then the Tammany idea will have to go. It nauseates one to see Tammany try in every way to frustrate the progress of clean politics and a decent Democracy, as it undoubtedly did at Baltimore this year, and then to see it welcomed into the Democratic fold in perfectly good standing, just as though it were not from its very nature insincere and traitorous. If organized graft and “politics for the pocket every time” is Democracy, then Tammany is Democratic, but there are legions of independents who will rally to the Democratic standard in New York State when the blight of such Democracy is removed.

ONE big difference between a man's stomach and his head is that his head forgets; his stomach does not. Years ago it was common talk that the American Trusts sold cheaper abroad than they did at home. Years ago the Democratic campaign textbook contained parallel tables to prove it. There is nothing new in the story that England pays less for American beef than America does, but the cost of living in America has risen to such heights that a rumor to-day gets and holds more public attention than facts did ten years ago when

living was cheaper. In other words, the stomach is thinking, and thinking hard. It cannot be denied that the cost of beef in London is materially lower than it is in New York, whether the beef be American beef or not. Much of it, indeed, is Argentine beef, some of which would come to this country if it were not for the prohibitive tariff; and here the question of cheaper beef crosses the trail of the question of the American merchant marine. A subsidy for American ships, such as some people propose, would offer no inducements to Argentina to send its beef to American markets. The tariff would still block the way. But a removal of the present tariff would make the shipment of Argentine meat to the United States a paying proposition, and no subsidy would be necessary to induce a ship-owner or operator to enter a business that paid. Thus there is seen to be a sort of community interest between the great American stomach and the revival of the American merchant

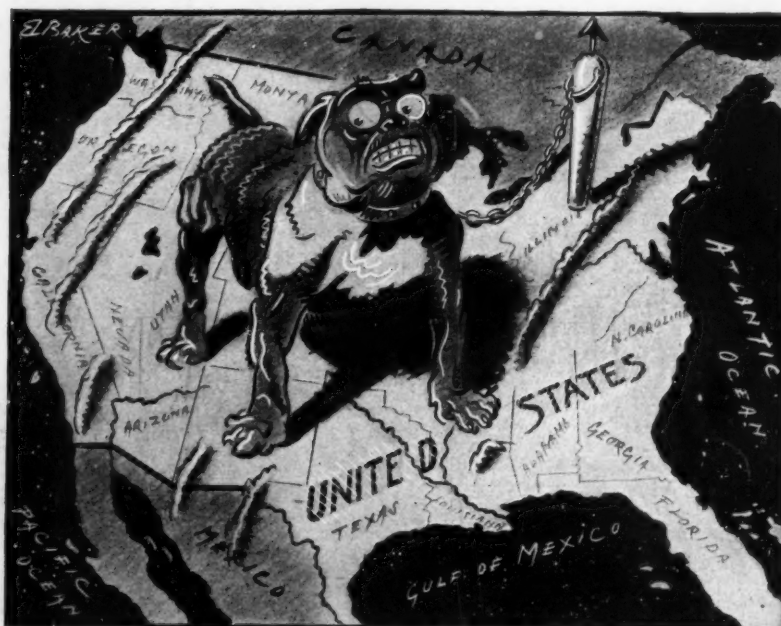
marine. When America gets hungry enough to take down the barriers which now prevent it from getting the food it wants, there will be no lack of ships to carry it.

VERY SOON, we fear, the Hon. WILLIAM HOWARD TAFT will be obliged to hire a press-agent to acquaint folks with the fact that he is running for something.

AS FAR as we know, THEODORE ROOSEVELT never served in the Fire Department, but lately he has been having some experience with what smoke-eaters dread most; namely, a back-draft. There he stood, the nozzleman of Progressive Hose Company No. 1, intrepidly squirting cold water upon the onrushing WILSON flames and the slower-burning but stubborn TAFT conflagration, when all of a sudden, without the slightest warning, there burst forth and enveloped him the cruel red-tongued demon of “practical politics,” irresistibly propelled by the fierce back-draft of 1904. Shades of JIM BLUDSO and the boy on the burning deck! Is he still there? Yes; but it is very, very warm.

I am delighted to have a duty imposed equal to what is necessary in order that the industry may live. But I am not contented if that duty stays in the front office. I want to see it get into the pay-envelope.—*The Bull Moose.*

DID it never occur to Mr. ROOSEVELT, while he was President—and he was President for seven years—that the pay-envelope was entitled to something? There were pay-envelopes, for example, in Lawrence, Mass., while Mr. ROOSEVELT was President. Seven precious years! What a glorious opportunity, and what a shame to have missed it!



THE SELF-APPOINTED WATCH-DOG.



THE FIRST PROGRESSIVE.

THE APE.—Kicked out of Paradise, aren't you? What are you going to do? You're down and out!

ADAM.—Bah! I'll just organize a Progressive Party, let Eve in on a Suffragette plank, and the November elections will put us back into Eden hands down.

THE SILENT ONE.



ITY the man who has no gift of gab—
Who, though his brilliant thoughts may fairly race,
Must stand as speechless as a marble slab
That has no epitaph 'graved on its face.

Oh, how he longs to sparkle with the rest,
To be as gay and friv'lous, and all that!
Oh, how he longs to spring one clever jest!
But knows that did he try it 'twould fall flat.

Some folks admire his silent ways and quote
The saying that still water runneth deep:
He yearns but to acquire the babbling note,
He'd give his all to talk, though talk is cheap.

He loves the girl whose tongue runs endlessly,
Whose talk is full of bright impertinence;
And, while he looks his mute idolatry,
She weds the man who pays cheap compliments.

He longs to comfort grief and cheer distress,
Longs to advise the erring and the weak;
He knows his silence goes for heartlessness,
But still his stubborn lips refuse to speak.

"Next time," he thinks, "I'll say the proper thing,"
And figures out a speech he thinks is good,
Though well he knows "next time" will surely bring
Mere silence or the dullest platitude.

The man who talks a lot will surely say
Full much for which the bitterest tears he'll shed,
But seldom will he kick himself the way
The mute one does for what he leaves unsaid.

While busy talkers join in merry strife
And clever wits with clever wits contend,
A soul without a voice, he goes through life—
"A mute, inglorious Milton" to the end!

Walter G. Doty.

THE END OF ALL.

HIS look was the look of utter desolation. "My last friend," he exclaimed, "has just borrowed my last dollar!"

It is not good for a man to live alone, except now and then when he gets to thinking he can.

JOYS OF THE AFFLUENT.

IT is a well-known fact that Mrs. Wilbur-Chinkley's world-famed diamond, the Blue Gazoo, is never worn by Mrs. Chinkley in public. Instead her coronet contains simply a clever substitute, while the original remains in the Chinkley mansion guarded by eight private detectives.

Fashionables will be surprised to learn that when Mrs. Quarterson Dollarby takes the air it is not Zoo Zee Zow, the \$100,000 French poodle, which nestles in her arms. Fear that the celebrated animal might be stolen compelled Mrs. Dollarby to adopt an exact but inexpensive substitute for Zoo Zee Zow, while the well-known canine himself is kept in the silver vault with the second groom.

It will come as an eye-opener to many to be told that the magnificent touring-car "Palace," built for Miss Greenback-Greenback by a celebrated Italian firm, has never touched tire to New York pavements. Its splendor and costliness would prove such a temptation to the unscrupulous that Miss Greenback-Greenback keeps the original crated in her armor-plate garage, and uses a duplicate manufactured by an American firm.

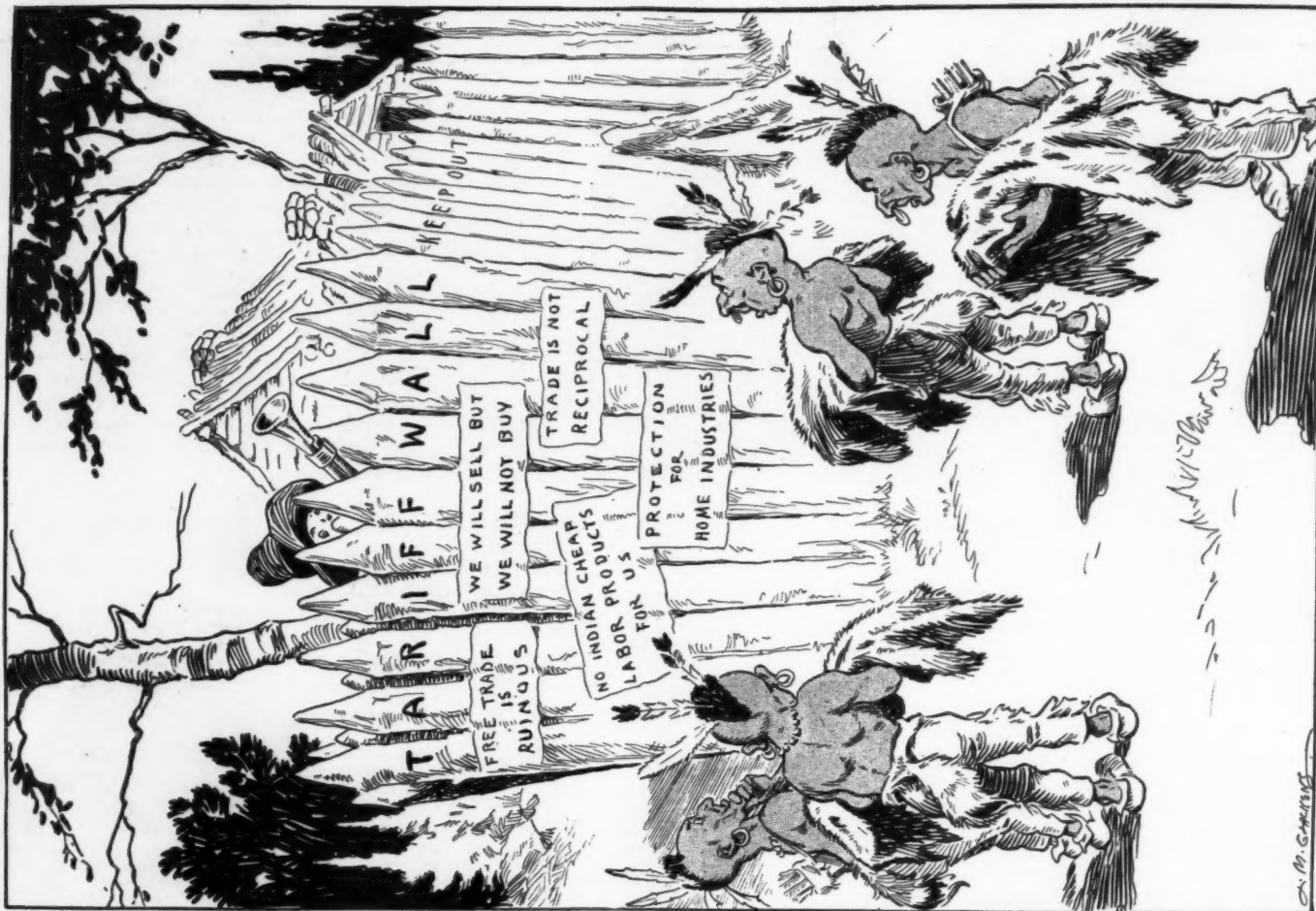
Society will be shocked to learn that, despite appearances, the gentleman who rides daily with the Duchess of Foozleham (*née* Munnyton) is not his Grace the Duke. Owing to the rarity of dukes at this season of the year the duchess fears to employ anything for public use but a low-priced imitation, and keeps the genuine article locked up in the safe at the Hotel Pazazza. H. W.



SHAPES.

After the Pannier Skirt—What?

TRADING WITH THE INDIANS.



AS IT WAS — AND AS IT WOULD HAVE BEEN HAD THE AMERICAN PROTECTIVE TARIFF LEAGUE BEEN ORGANIZED IN THOSE DAYS.

THEN AND NOW.

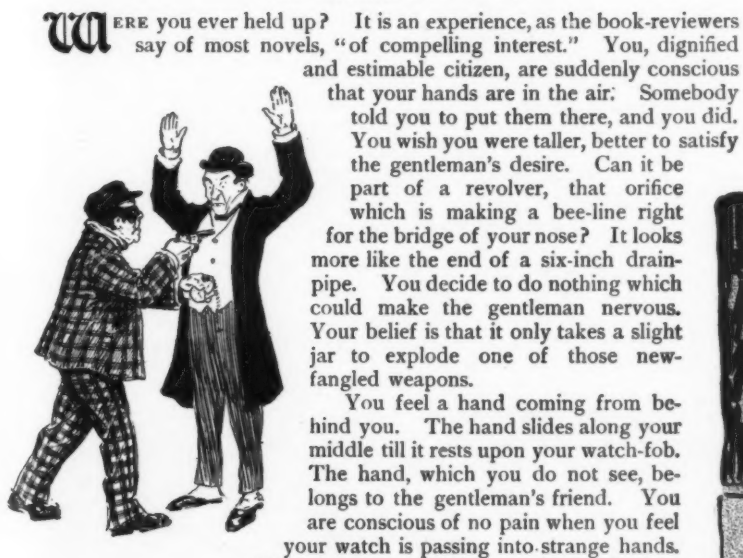


THE GLAD HAND.



THE GLAD FOOT.

THE UNKINDEST CUT.



WERE you ever held up? It is an experience, as the book-reviewers say of most novels, "of compelling interest." You, dignified and estimable citizen, are suddenly conscious that your hands are in the air. Somebody told you to put them there, and you did. You wish you were taller, better to satisfy the gentleman's desire. Can it be part of a revolver, that orifice which is making a bee-line right for the bridge of your nose? It looks more like the end of a six-inch drain-pipe. You decide to do nothing which could make the gentleman nervous. Your belief is that it only takes a slight jar to explode one of those new-fangled weapons.

You feel a hand coming from behind you. The hand slides along your middle till it rests upon your watch-fob. The hand, which you do not see, belongs to the gentleman's friend. You are conscious of no pain when you feel your watch is passing into strange hands.

There is no perceptible mental wrench when you feel your pocket-book lifted gently from your inside coat-pocket. It occurs to you some time later, at the police-station, that although you were looking the gentleman as nearly in the eye as possible, you could not for the life of you tell what he looks like—and he wasn't masked, either. The fact is, you are looking at him, but you do not see him. You are thinking.

You are hoping, for one thing, that the two gentlemen engaged in this work will take no offense at the comparatively small profit you are able to supply. You are wondering if that insurance policy is still in the top bureau-drawer; and then, suddenly, your nose begins to itch.

Your nose has itched before, but never like this. You would give two million dollars to be able to scratch it once; three millions to scratch it twice; and the National Debt to scratch it as much as it needs to be scratched. You wonder if the gentlemen would appreciate a jocular remark about the itching of your nose.

You hear the gentleman in front say, in a burring voice: "Got 'em, Bill?" To which Bill replies: "Yeh!"

You are thrown into ecstasy by seeing the opening of the six-inch drain-pipe vanish. You are filled with unspeakable delight when the gentleman in front says: "Now, you git!" You then git.

But you do not git before the gentleman behind you has done some-

thing for which you would delight in seeing him drawn and quartered; compared with which the act of robbing you is a peccadillo. You never tell about that last indignity. No, not to your dearest friend. The mere recollection of it, twenty years afterward, will make your cheeks burn and fill you with homicidal thoughts. *He kicked you*—as you were gitting. *He kicked you*—and he was behind you. It was, in football parlance, a place kick. Ugh!

Freeman Tilden.



THE OPEN DOOR.

OLD MAN SCHMATZBERGER.—Koom on here, you! Vot you t'ink, I hold dot door open for you much longer yet? Uf you doan't koom queeck yet, I shut him!



THE job of order-clerk in one of the big commission houses recently became vacant. Each of the three "boys" appearing to have an equally good claim for the place, the office-manager hardly knew what to do. Finally he hit upon the following plan:

Calling the three into his office one afternoon, he gave them a little talk about quick thinking being the leading qualification for a good order-clerk. "On these three slips of paper," he said, "I've had something typewritten which I want you to read over carefully. The one that gives me the explanation quickest gets the job."

This is what was on the slip: "A man needed three dollars for something, but had only a two-dollar bill. He took his two-dollar bill to a pawnbroker and pawned it for a dollar and fifty cents. On his way down the street he met a friend and sold him the pawn-ticket for another dollar and fifty cents. He had thus three dollars where before he had only two. Out of whom does the extra dollar come?"

The three took their slips and read them. Over the face of the youngest, a bellboy whom an important customer had befriended, there came almost at once an expression of wonder. "Why, Mr. Jones," he cried, "there's nothing about this to figure out. Who would be such a fool as to pay a man \$1.50 for the privilege of paying the pawnbroker another \$1.50 to get out a \$2 bill? He's the one that loses, of course!"

The ex-bellboy got the job. On busy days he handles anywhere from four to five hundred calls without making a mistake.

Two manufacturing plants in the same town make the same article and sell it at the same price. One of the plants makes lots of money; the other just manages to pay expenses. That's because one

of the plants is much better constructed and more efficiently operated than the other.

Two railroads between New York and Chicago charge the same amount for hauling a ton of freight from the one point to the other. One road has made so much money out of it that its stock sells up around 600. The other road's stock sells in the thirties. It has never yet paid anything in the way of dividends.

It is time now, one hears on all sides, that a readjustment of freight rates be made—that rates be fixed so that railroads can earn a "fair return on the capital invested," and no more.

Suppose, now, that this principle were applied in the case of the two roads mentioned. Suppose that rates were fixed so that the better of the two properties could just earn a "fair return" on its capital. Under these circumstances what could the other road earn?

Then what would inevitably happen?

DO YOU want to know how to get that car?

Walk into some brokerage house and sit down in front of the quotation-board. Look 'em over—and then pick out some good, active stock that can be depended upon to "move." Make up your mind whether the move is going to be up or down, and then give an order to buy or sell short, as the case may be.

After a while the move will take place. If it's in the direction you thought it would be, cash in your profits and go buy your car.

That's all there is to it.

THE president of one of the downtown commercial banks was recently being "interviewed" by the Wall Street representative of one of the big papers. As is not infrequently the case in "interviews" of this sort, the reporter was doing most of the talking.

"It's this way, isn't it, Mr. —?" he would begin, and then would come a long statement about conditions, with the remark at the end. "I'm right about that, am I not?"

It lacked twenty minutes to the president's train-time, so he let the newspaper man run on. But finally the everlasting talk about the crops and the "resulting stimulus to business," with not the slightest mention of the many disturbing factors in the situation, got on the banker's nerves.

Suddenly his feet came down from the desk to the floor with a bang. The reporter stopped dead—he had seen that motion before, and knew it meant trouble.

"Young man," the banker began, "look out of



HE FOUND OUT.

URBANITE.—Why do you sit on the fence and watch the trains go by?

NATIVE.—It's cheaper than sittin' on a train and watching the fences go by, mister!

that window over there, where you can get a view of the harbor. See that trim little yacht just passing the Statue of Liberty? See that cloud of dirty smoke over there by Bayonne? Well, both of 'em are part of the picture. Close one eye now, and fix the other on either the pretty yacht or the dirty smoke. You don't see the picture now—do you? You see just one thing in it. That's the way you are with your talk about the crops. Fix one eye on the crops, close the other—and a bully position you are in to size up the situation as a whole!"

THE political menagerie has nothing on Wall Street.

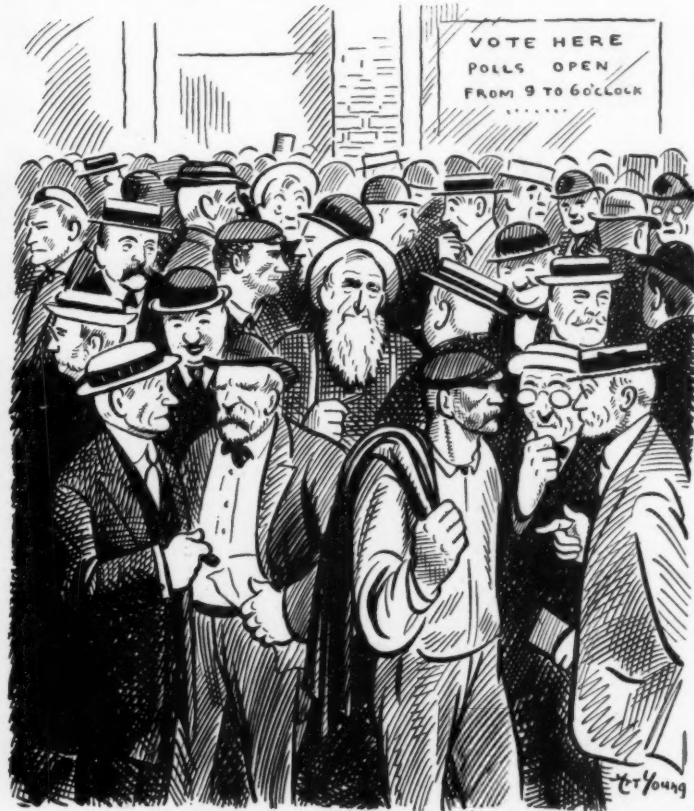
Besides a full complement of bulls and bears they have all kinds of other animals down there. The lamb supply is a little short at the present moment, but that is a condition likely to remedy itself at any time. The goat is doing business at the same old stand and proving himself a useful as well as an ornamental member of the community. The snort of the hog is always heard loud in the land. And back of the Stock Exchange on New Street, after the close of the market, the wolf and the fox and the hyena and the jackal foregather and make plans for the next day.

Franklin.

TWO NAMES FOR THE SAME THING — TAKE YOUR CHOICE.



THE INTELLIGENT ELECTORATE.



THE RABBLE.

THE UNFORGOTTEN.



OMEbody thinks of me!" he cried,
While his lone heart leaped at the postman's stride,
Fond expectation keying.
"Somewhere, indeed, has a thought been lent
And a sundered soul made imminent,
And the measureless cosmic sequence bent
To the magnet of my being."

He takes the proffered envelope,
Rending it open—aquake with hope;
Then faints. Could flesh resist?
For the letter pertains to the priceless boon
Of lots for sale in some far lagoon.
His name, who reposes in dreamless swoon,
Adorns the sucker list!

Henry P. Boynton.



APPEALING TO HIS BASEBALL.

POLICEMAN.—So, my man, you was trying to steal, was you?
THE CROOK.—Go wan! What kind of a fan are you? Did you ever
hear of a man stealing who was hugging the bag?

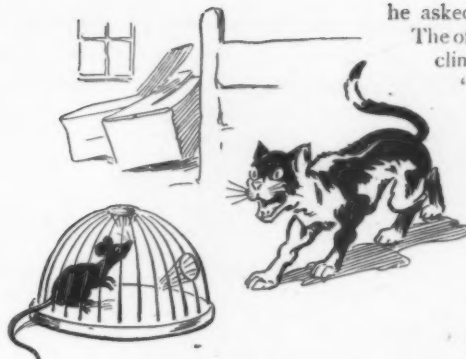
FABLES UP TO DATE.

HE WAS a desperate gunman and gang-fighter, was Kid the
Killer. He had orders from a crook "higher up" to
kill "Slim the Sly One."

"Kid the Killer" walked up Broadway until he
came to Times Square. Then he went inside and
entered a telephone booth. He was soon in com-
munication with the party he wanted.

"Hello," said he over the wire, "is this the *Morning Terror*
office? I want to speak with the editor. This is 'Kid the Killer'
talking. . . . Hello, is this the editor? . . . Well, this is 'Kid
the Killer.' I'm about to commit murder. I'm going to kill 'Slim
the Sly One.' So you'd better hurry your staff of reporters and
photographers up here to Times Square right away. I have written
up my life history and confessions. There is one for every day for
three weeks. I'll sell them to your paper for \$1,000 apiece if you'll
promise to print them only on the days I specify. What do you say?
Good! It's a bargain. I'll talk with you later, after I'm arrested.
It may take me a week to get arrested—I don't know—but I've left
enough copy with my wife to keep you going until the police find me.
You'll find the pictures there, too. I've got to hang up now and go
out and get this killing over with. It's due now in half a minute. All
right. Good-by." With that he hung up the receiver and walked out.

Strolling leisurely into Broadway he stood in the center of the
street between the car tracks. "Slim the Sly One" was approaching.
"Kid" walked up to him and, pulling a revolver, shot him six times in six
places, "Slim" fell to the pavement. A crowd rushed up and gathered
around the prostrate form. "Kid" pushed his way through the crowd
with the smoking weapon in his hand. Going to the nearest policeman



MISERY

THE SECRET OF RECALL.

(Scene, in the shadows of the political
jungle. Healers, Boosters, Pluggers,
Dissenters, Kickers, and Scoffers
awaiting the arrival of the Jungle
Janus and the guerdon of office as
a reward for services.)

ENTER BULL MOOSE, bashless
and bellowing.

BULL MOOSE.—Woof! Woof!

Woof! What means this august gather-
ing of my par-a-sit-i-cal, des-pot-i-cal,
o-nei-ro-crit-i-cal constituents? Come ye here to do me honor, or just to
do me? Woof! Woof! Methinks the last the better lunch. Speak!

FLOP OVER.—If I may, let me remind you of your promise to me—

BULL MOOSE.—Woof! I recall it. Next!

FLOP UNDER.—You gave me your pledge, when I threw my friends
down, that you'd get me a job on the fire department.

BULL MOOSE.—So I did, now that I recall it.

SLIP OVER.—Do you remember your promise to make me Inspector
of the Big Ditch?

BULL MOOSE.—That I also recall, my boy. Next!

BACKSLIDER.—Of course, you have n't forgotten your oath to make
me Smoke Inspector?

BULL MOOSE.—I recall it instantly, my dear boy, instantly!

CHORUS.—Have you forgotten your pledge to get us all good jobs?

BULL MOOSE.—Nay, friends, although I'd like to keep it, I must,
according to the rules of the game, recall it. Now then, my trusty aids,
the Bull Moose meeting is duly adjourned.

Harold Skinner.

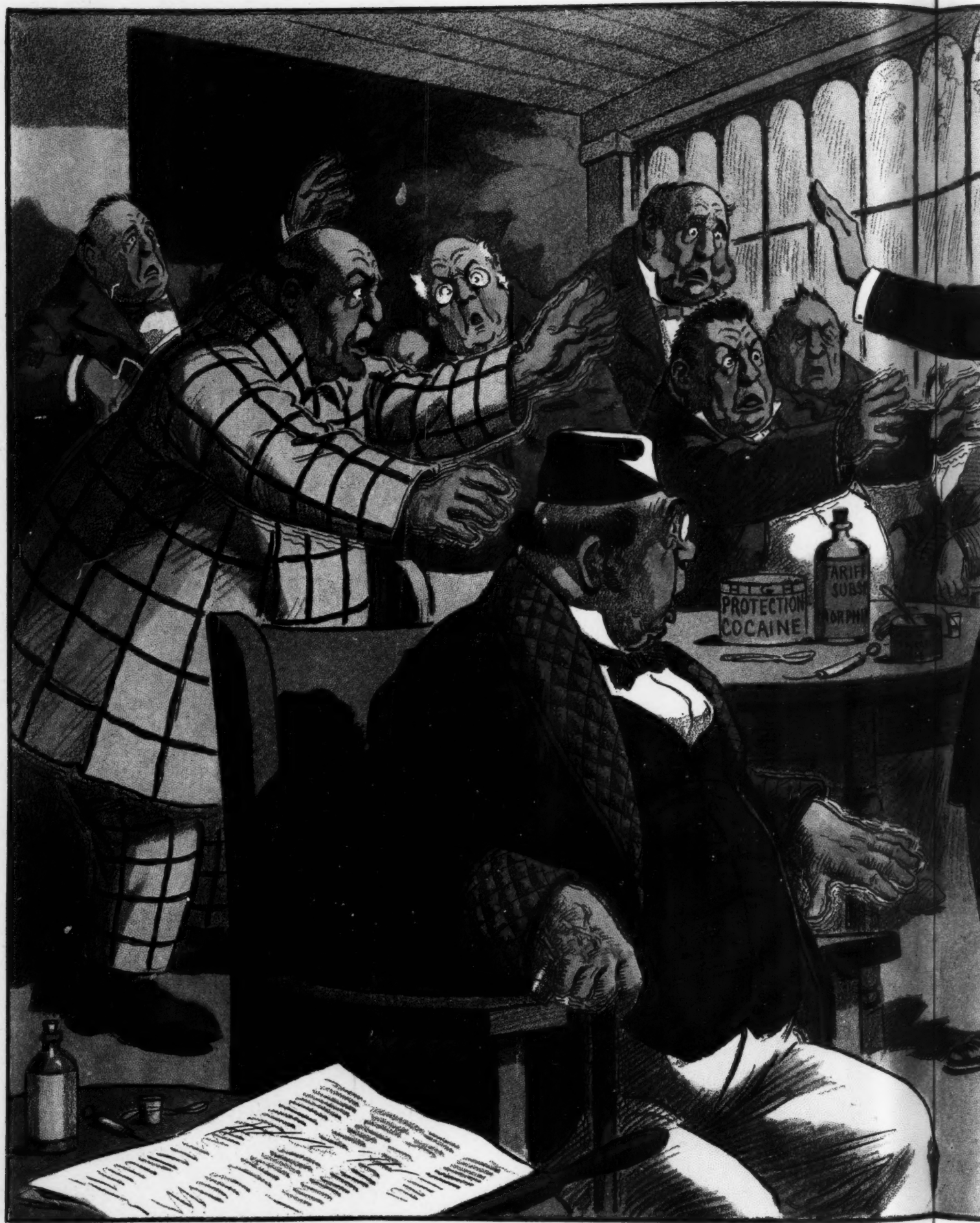
NOWADAYS.

VISITOR.—But are n't you afraid of a fire happening 'way out here?
NATIVE (living in dilapidated shack on outskirts of city).—Oh, no!
There's no danger. I live outside the area of fireproof buildings.



A PERFECT SUBSTITUTE.

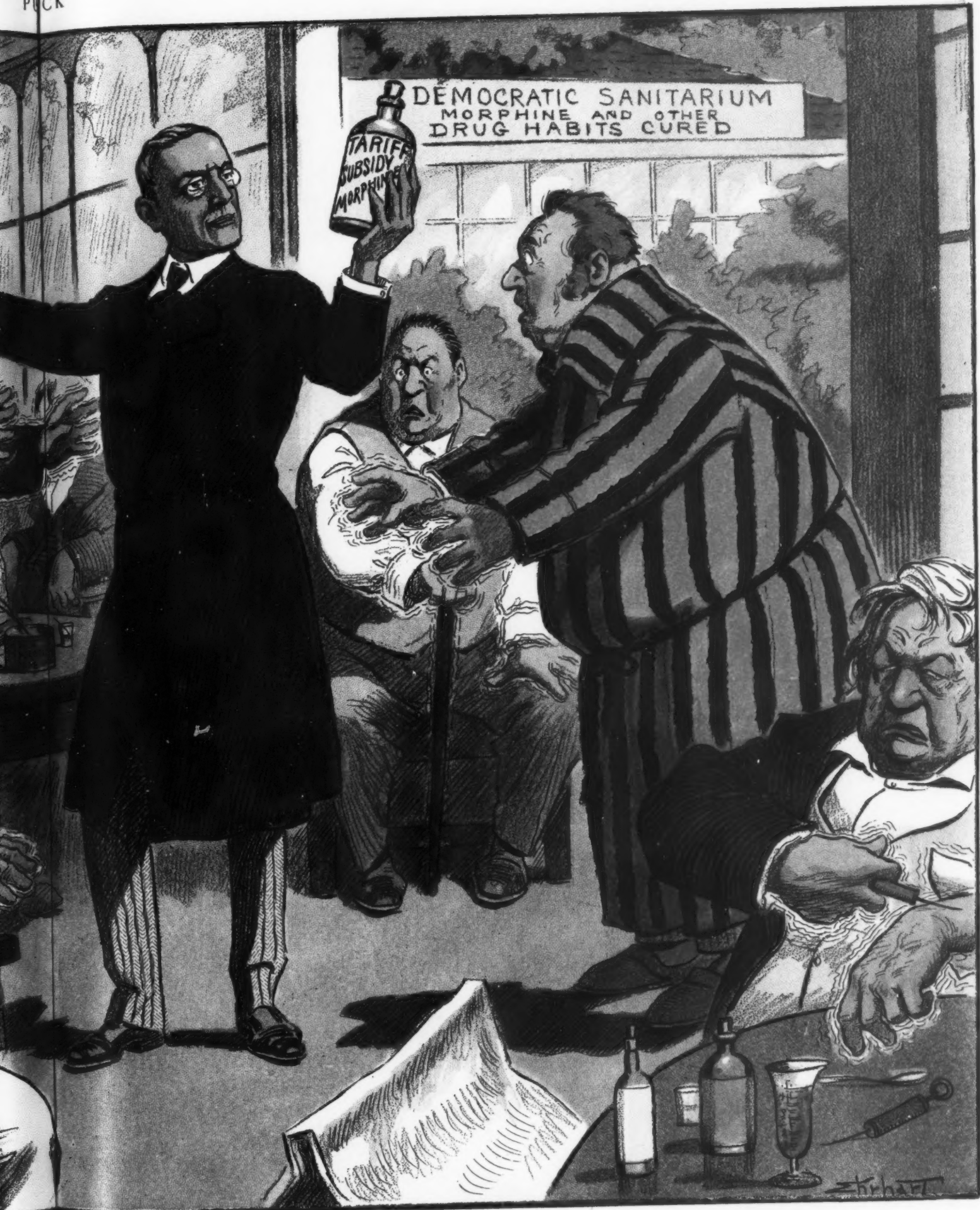
"Miss my husband? Why should I? He left me plenty of money,
and at breakfast I stand a newspaper up in front of his place and think he's
here just the same."



THE PUCK PRESS

THE DOPE-FIE

DR. WILSON.—Don't be alarmed, gentlemen. We won't take it and after a while you'll have confidence enough in yourselves to get al



THE DORE-FRIENDS.

We won't take it from you all at once. We'll taper you down gradually, ourselves to get along without it.

WHEN FATHER'S ON THE JOB



"YOU say you want the picture hung?
Well, trot your Rubens out,
There's nothing to a job like that
To make a fuss about.
It takes a bunch of women folks
To stand around and stew
About a simple little stunt
That any child can do.

"Now, first, I want a ladder brought,
Or else a kitchen chair;
And, Mary, get the hammer next—
Don't stand around and stare!
I need a nail or picture-hook,
And bring along a screw;
And, Mollie, where's the gimlet gone?
I want the nippers, too!



"And will I spoil the plaster?
Am I apt to make a muss?
I may, before I'm finished, but
I never make a fuss.
So hurry up! It's hot enough
Up here to fairly 'siss'—
No Shadrach's fiery furnace
Even had a thing on this!

Now, there, how's that? Too low, you say?
How's that? A trifle more?
Why, darn it! That's the very spot
I had the thing before!
If you art critics down below
Would bunch your brains a bit
The boost you'd give the world of Art
Would make an awful hit.



"I've got to have some wire cord,
And get the brace and bit;
A fellow's tools are *always* gone—
They're *never* in the kit.
Now, hold the ladder steady till
I climb another rung;
A woman foils around a month
To get a picture hung.

"So, if you critics want this *done*,
I rise to humbly state
'The Unit Rule' 's the proper one
For *you* to operate.
A little to the left again?
No? Toward the mantel-shelf?
Oh, thunder! I'm a-coming down—
Go hang it up yourself!"

Frank Hill Phillips.



HIS LACK OF INFORMATION.

SHERIFF BENDIX, of Puxico County, up in the Ozark Hills of Arkansas, had a habit of occasionally absorbing too plentiful potions of the output of the Cat Hop distillery. His method was to acquire his fill, and then trudge on foot back to Tallyone, the county seat, the six-mile walk usually reducing him to a fair degree of sobriety.

One forenoon he had occasion to arrest and incarcerate a petty local desperado, one Pip Scrodd, and after having completed the task he set out for Cat Hop to recuperate. Some time later Scrodd broke out of the flimsy calaboose and ran away. As chance would have it, he took the short-cut toward Cat Hop along which the sheriff was returning, and met that officer face to face in such a wise that he could not well evade him, the malefactor being three-quarters of the way across the foot-log spanning Hominy Creek when Sheriff Bendix appeared at the other end of the log and stopped, waiting for him to cross.

There was nothing to do but brazen it out, and Scrodd made his way across the log, hoping against expectation to be able to dodge the officer. What was his surprise at being saluted with a cheery "Howdy, Pip?" by the sheriff, who was still sufficiently illuminated to feel at peace with all mankind. The scallawag returned the salutation in kind, and rapidly made himself scarce, while the sheriff crossed the log as nimbly as he was able and went on his way. When Bendix arrived at Tallyone he was immediately surrounded by excited citizens, who informed him that Scrodd had broken jail and nobody knew whither he had gone.

"Why—pshaw!—I do!" was the unexpected reply of the still somewhat-muddled officer. "I met him right thar at the footlog 'crost Hominy Creek as I was coming over from Cat Hop just now."

"You must be mistaken—"

"No, I hain't mistaken! I was as nigh to him as I am to you this minute. Why—blame it!—I reckon I ort to know him. I arrested him this morning, did n't I?"

"Yes, but this must have been somebody else—"

"No, 't was n't! I've knowed Pip all his life, and it was shore him. Why, I was so clost to him I could 'a' put my right hand on him!"

"Well, then, why did n't you arrest him?"

"Why—blast it all!—I never knowed he was out!"

Tom P. Morgan.

SUPERSTITIOUS FOLK, AHoy!

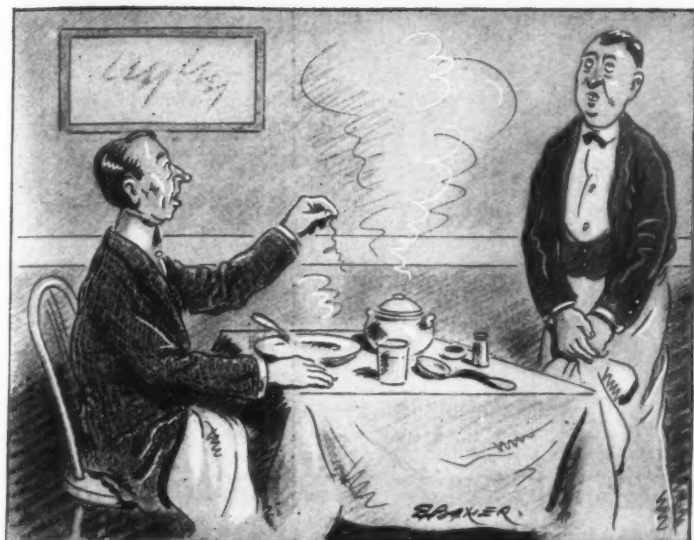
1
9
1
2
13

T
H
E
R
O
O
S
E
V
E
T
T

13

THE HEADS.

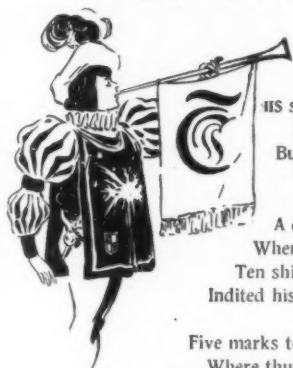
VISITOR.—I want to see the head of the house.
THE KID.—Well, be specific. Who do you want, the Red-head, Block-head, Figure-head, Sap-head, or Dead-head?



A FELLOW FEELING.

DINER.—Look, Waiter! A gray hair in the soup!

WAITER.—Ah, M'sieur is like me! M'sieur regret also ze leetle blonde cook who is gone?



NO TIPPING HERE.

THIS summer I traveled abroad for awhile,
From Calais to Ital-i-a's seas,
But the thing that harassed from Ostend to the Nile
Was this blooming convention of "Fees."

A crown and a half to gaze into the sea
Where Charles slew the troops of the Czar;
Ten shillings to find where our friend Alfred T.
Indited his "Crossing the Bar."

Five marks to be carried to grim Malplaquet
Where thundered old "Corporal John";
Three francs to be told about Charlotte Corday
And to see the red smock she had on.

A lira to find where Columbus was born,
Another to hear he was dead;
A peseta to learn from a porter forlorn
Which stairway to take to my bed.

And so it went on to a frightful degree,
Getting worse, so it seemed, every day;
Till Pisa I found, by Liguria's sea,
Where I fain would have tarried for aye.

'T was a Haven of Rest, a Heavenly Bower,—
It healed all the sores of the trip,—
For I thought as I gazed at its leaning old tower
Here's one thing I won't have to "tip"!

L. T. Swartout.

SOCIETY.

MRS. WAYUPP.—No wonder I look worried, my dear. My husband has just gone out, and if he is discovered it will probably cost us our social position.

MRS. BLASÉ.—Goodness! Where is he?

MRS. WAYUPP.—He has gone out incog. to pay a bill.

NOWADAYS.

YOUNG PREACHER.—What is the best way to teach the Ten Commandments?

OLD PREACHER.—If you have a congregation of poor, teach them as commandments; if middle-class, as requests; and if rich, merely as recommendations.

SILENCE may be golden, but a remarkable amount of pertinent verbal observation often helps to bring in some kind of legal tender.

THE EMPTY ARENA.

WHATEVER may be the shortcomings of the Presidential administration of Mr. Taft, in one respect it has been far more endurable to mild, peace-loving souls than that of Theodore the Vehement. The Taft family has dispensed with the menagerie of wild beasts and domesticated animals maintained by their predecessors on the White House grounds. During the Seven Years' War it was a matter of almost daily newspaper comment that a new lion had arrived, or a grizzly bear had been staked out to graze on the White House lawn, or a hyena was on its way from its native haunts to Washington. Archie—or was it Kermit?—had just chased a turkey round the Fifth Estate to the damage of its plumage. Kermit—or was it Archie?—was popping a gun at predaceous English sparrows, to the delight of the newspaper correspondents and a thoroughly charmed nation of newspaper readers.



This era of circus business as an adjunct of the Executive Department has gone out of fashion. Nowadays when a United States marshal chokes a wolf with his bare hands, or bites his brand in a leopard's neck, there is no Nimrod at Washington to cry Bully! to the winds. The feeling in the home of the Present Incumbent is quite adverse to the larger fauna. The other day a Blackfoot Indian chief in Montana captured a bear cub; and, mindful of the days that were, prepared to send him to the President's son, Robert Taft. The cub was tethered to a tree over night, where it wailed dismally. During the early morning hours an old bear happened along and chewed the rope in twain, and the cub returned to its native haunts. The Blackfoot chief would have started in pursuit, but young Mr. Taft said: "It's probably the old bear's cub; and besides, there's no room for a bear in the White House anyway. Let her go!"

And so there will be no grizzly-bear danced upon the National lawn, and the Blackfoot chief has saved the freight charges. Great praise to Robert Taft! He may never be President; most certainly he will never become chief load-sticker for the Smithsonian Institution; but he has a true conception of the limitations of the White House, of the feelings of the mother of a cub, and of the sensibilities of a public which has grown very, very weary of the flowing of quadrupedal gore.

HIS AIRY JOKE.

DE STYLE.—I heard a great case in court to-day. My landlord was the defendant and a fellow owning an airship was the plaintiff.

GUNBUSTA.—Sort of an aéroplanetiff.



OUT OF PLACE.

THE LAST ARRIVAL.—Oi thought this was to be a Progressive party, Maloney?

CARD-PARTY HOST.—So ut is, Moike.

THE LAST ARRIVAL (witheringly).—Thin phwat's thot dom black Republican av a Casey doing here?

It has been ungallantly estimated that a woman wants the last word and eighty-two per cent. of the preceding conversation.

THE AMERICAN GENTLEMAN EXCELS
IN THE HOSPITALITY OF HIS HOME

**HUNTER
BALTIMORE
RYE**



EXCELS IN ITS PURITY, FLAVOR AND GENERAL EXCELLENCE

Sold at all first-class cafes and by jobbers.
WM. LANAHAN & SON Baltimore Md.

FISHERMAN'S LUCK.



I.
"Look who's here!"

Sliced Oranges with a dash of Abbott's Bitters are appetizing and healthful. Sample of bitters by mail, 25 cts. in stamps. U. W. Abbott & Co., Baltimore, Md.

JUST SUMMER DREAMS.

"Now that we are engaged, tell me something about your people."

"My father, dearest, is president of a big automobile company. He employs over two thousand men."

"And you are his only son?"

"Yes. And your people, I presume, are influential?"

"Well, I don't like to appear boastful, but my father is one of the prominent citizens of our town."

"I thought so. How long are you going to stay here?"

"Only another week; then I must return home to prepare to take a trip to Europe with my mother."

"That's strange. I have to hurry back next Wednesday to join my father on a trip to Japan."

"How wonderful!"

Yes, very, very wonderful. He had dreamed all this on a vacation bank-roll of \$43, and she on the \$18.50 she had saved out of her salary as stenographer for a wholesale grocery. — *Evening Sun*.

SHE.—So you've seen papa. Did he say anything about your being too young?

HE.—Yes, but he said when I once began to pay your bills I would age rapidly enough.—*Boston Transcript*.

THE STYLE HUBBY LIKES.

Mrs. Shortly was discussing the latest fashions with a young lady caller.

"Did you say your husband was fond of those clinging gowns, Mae?"

"Yes. He likes one to cling to me for about three years."—*Lippincott's*.

A DAKOTA court is struggling with a prisoner named Szczyz. We don't know what he is charged with; but, from his name, we suspect it is soda-water.—*Chicago Dispatch*.

LANGUAGE OF ST. PAUL.

Among the Wesleyans of a century ago there was a well-known and eccentric preacher named David Mackenzie. When reading the third chapter of Daniel he invariably abbreviated the instruments of the Babylonian musicians, and when the names of the instruments were repeated in verses 10 and 15 he would say, "The band as before."

He was a lay preacher of the old order, and was admitted without having read the prescribed "Wesley's Sermons," and the rest. He boasted of his lack of "book-learning," and scornfully told a student of the new school, who was learning Latin, that "English was good enough for St. Paul; ain't it good enough for you?"—*Youth's Companion*.

SHE STUMPED HIM.

In a recent debate at the Wichita High School the woman-suffrage amendment was under discussion. "It would be unwise to give woman the ballot," declared a budding Daniel Webster, in attacking the proposition. "Woman could not be relied upon to exercise good judgment in voting. She changes her mind far too often."

The next speaker was a young woman. She arose and cast a pitying glance at her opponent. "I would like to ask my honorable opponent," she cooed sweetly, "if he ever tried to change a woman's mind once it was made up?"

The young woman got the decision.—*Kansas City Journal*.

Always Everywhere
Apollinaris
"THE QUEEN OF TABLE WATERS"

OUR NEXT PRESIDENT!



PUCK'S PORTRAIT OF THE
Hon. Woodrow Wilson

In Colors, Size 14x21 inches Price Ten Cents

SECURELY WRAPPED AND MAILED
ANYWHERE ON RECEIPT OF PRICE

ALL Democrats and Progressives will want a copy of this life-like picture, which has been pronounced by competent critics to be the finest portrait on the market of the Democratic Nominee for the Presidency.

Address PUCK, 295-309 Lafayette St., New York



II.
"Now for a free ride!"

GREAT BEAR SPRING WATER.
"Its Purity Has Made It Famous."
50c. per case of 6 glass stoppered bottles.

MOTHER'S.

A minister was talking on the subject of "baptismal regeneration." "Children," he said, "we are all born in sin, and before baptism we are the children of sin. Now, baptism makes you the child of God. Whose child were you before baptism?"

A pause, then a little voice was heard: "Mamma's child!"—*Harper's Magazine*.

"LADY," said Meandering Mike, "would you lend me a cake of soap?"

"Do you mean to tell me you want soap?"

"Yes'm. Me partner's got de hic-cups an' I want to scare him."—*Wareham Courier*.

ONE HAD TO GO.

"Your wife isn't entertaining as much as she was?"

"No. She hasn't any social secretary now."

"How's that?"

"Why, she had a secretary, you know, and I did n't like her. I smiled at her sweetly. My wife saw me. One of us had to go."—*Plain Dealer.*

CASABIANCAS.

The Boy stood on the Burning Deck.

"But Armageddon is more in style," they reminded him.—*The Sun.*

"I BELIEVE honesty pays in the long run."

"So do I; but I often wish it were not such a mighty long run."—*Chicago Record-Herald.*

HAZING in the Electoral College should be strictly barred. — *Wall Street Journal.*

Bar-Keepers Friend Metal Polish



INFALLIBLE
WORKS QUICK
WILL NOT SCRATCH

USED IN
MILLIONS OF HOMES
SAMPLE BOX FREE

Geo. W. Hoffman Co. Indianapolis, Ind.

HENRY LINDENMEYER & SONS PAPER WAREHOUSE,

22, 24 and 26 Bleecker Street.
BRANCH WAREHOUSE: 20 Beekman Street, New York.
All kinds of Paper made to order.

WHITE VALLEY GEMS
Imported from France.
SEE THEM BEFORE PAYING!
These gems are chemical white sapphires — **LOOK LIKE DIAMONDS.**
Stand acid and fire diamond tests. So hard they easily scratch a file and will cut glass.
Brilliance guaranteed 25 years. All mounted in 14K solid gold diamond mountings. Will send you any style ring, pin or stud for examination—all charges prepaid—NO MONEY IN ADVANCE. Write today for free illustrated booklet, special prices & ring measure.
WHITE VALLEY GEM CO., 378 Saks Bldg., Indianapolis, Ind.

A PLAIN GIVE-AWAY.

Two Taft men were discussing the political attitude of a well-known Republican National Committeeman a fortnight before the Chicago Convention.

"How does he stand?" asked one.
"Oh, I guess he's switched to Roosevelt!"

"What makes you think that?"

"Well, I heard him talking about deciding the contests for delegates on their merits, and a lot of other gosh-blamed treachery like that."—*Saturday Evening Post.*

THE Keeley Cure

For Liquor and Drug Users

A scientific remedy that has cured nearly half a million in the past thirty-two years. Administered by medical specialists at Keeley Institutes only. Write for particulars

To the Following Keeley Institutes:

Hot Springs, Ark.
Los Angeles, Cal.
San Francisco, Cal.
West Haven, Conn.
Jacksonville, Fla.
Atlanta, Ga.
Dwight, Ill.

Marion, Ind.
Cahoon Orchard, Ky.
Portland, Me.
Lexington, Mass.
Kansas City, Mo.
St. Louis, Mo.
2901 Locust St.

Manchester, N. H.
Buffalo, N. Y.
White Plains, N. Y.
Columbus, Ohio.
Portland, Ore.
Philadelphia, Pa.
512 N. Broad St.

Pittsburg, Pa.
4346 Fifth Ave.
Providence, R. I.
Columbia, S. C.
Salt Lake City, Utah.
Toronto, Ontario.
Winnipeg, Man.
London, Eng.

SUNNY BROOK

THE
PURE FOOD
WHISKEY

Is Medicinally
PURE!

ACCEPT NO SUBSTITUTE

For Sale Everywhere



SAVED BY BAD HANDWRITING.

Lord Curzon, when a young man at college, once found his bad handwriting stand him in good stead. Writing two letters, one to a relative, the other to a chum, he enclosed them in the wrong envelopes. It chanced that in the second letter he had made some uncomplimentary reference to his relative, and on discovering the mistake he had made he awaited developments with anxiety.

There presently came a letter from the uncle. "I have tried hard to decipher your epistle," it ran, "but your writing is so atrocious that I cannot make head nor tail of it. However, I guess the drift of it to be that you need some money, you rogue, so I enclose a check."—*London Chronicle.*

It is understood that the British Prime Minister looks under the bed every night to see if there is a Suffragette there.—*Pittsburg Gazette-Times.*



III.

"Come on in; the water's fine!"

—*Fliegende Blätter.*

Every lover of a good cocktail should insist that Abbott's Bitters be used in making it; insures your getting the very best. C. W. Abbott & Co., Baltimore, Md.

FAR-FETCHED FAME.

Christy Churchill's father owned the present site of the race-track in Lexington; hence the name, Churchill Downs.

Christy was at the track during the spring meeting and a friend introduced him to a stranger.

The stranger grabbed Churchill's hand and said effusively: "No, I've never had the pleasure of meeting you before, Mr. Downs, but I've often heard of you."—*Sat. Evening Post.*

THE Affirmative Ticket: WILL-on and Mar-SHALL.—*The Independent.*

After the Vacation

much depends upon what you do to make permanent the benefits acquired—

Evans' Ale

will make the transition from rest and recreation enjoyable and welcome, and help to keep you strong, robust, and contented, and prolong vacation benefits.

On Tap, in Bottles or Splits. All Dealers.
C. H. EVANS & SONS, Hudson, N. Y.



Laugh and Grow Fat!

Take PUCK and Laugh!

Hoot Mon!
The Campbells
are Coming!

To
Subscribe
For

Puck

The Foremost and Most Widely Quoted Humorous Weekly

As a Home Paper PUCK will please you

- It is attractive pictorially, because its artists are among the best.
- It is funny, but neither vulgar nor suggestive.
- It is of serious interest, because its cartoons form a political history of the times.
- It is not a juvenile publication, but it is better for children than the comic supplements of the Sunday newspapers.

Published Every Wednesday. 10c. per Copy. \$5.00 Yearly.

If your newsdealer does n't handle PUCK, ask him to order it for you.



Tell Your Newsdealer

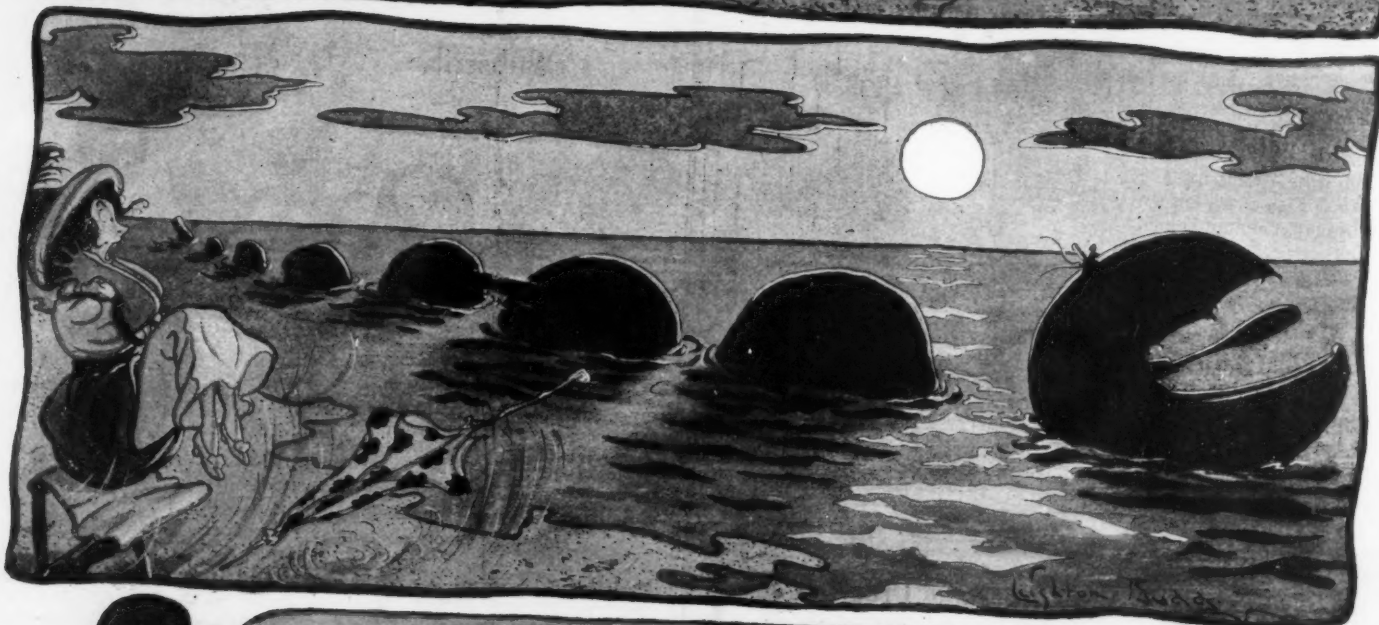
Puck
NEXT WEEK.

PUCK, New York

Enclosed find ten cents for which send me a liberal package of sample copies of PUCK.

Name

Address



WHAT THE TIDE BROUGHT.

These
extra
PUCK
Send
Fifty-p
of R
in

Addr
293-3
N

There's just the difference between a raw, poorly made Cocktail and a

Club Cocktail

that there is between a raw, new Whiskey and a soft old one.

The best of ingredients—the most accurate blending cannot give the softness and mellowness that age imparts.

Club Cocktails are aged in wood before bottling—and no freshly made Cocktail can be as good.

Manhattan, Martini and other standard blends, bottled, ready to serve through cracked ice.

Refuse Substitutes

AT ALL DEALERS

G. F. HEUBLFIN & BRO., Sole Props.
Hartford New York London

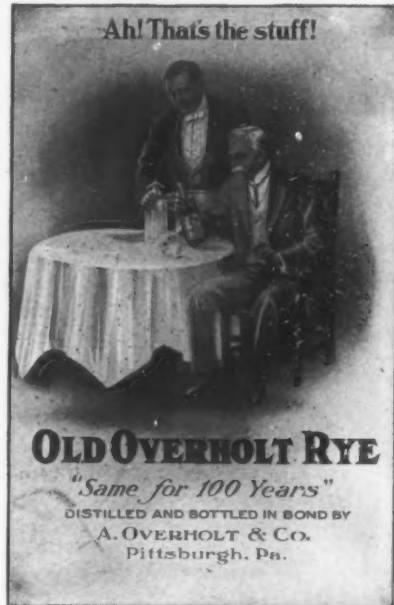


SYNONYMOUS.



LADY (visiting navvies' camp).—I suppose you go into town on Saturday night?
NAVY.—Sometimes, lady; but, as a rule, we get them to send it out in a demijohn.
—*Sydney Bulletin.*

Ah! That's the stuff!



OLD OVERHOLT RYE

"Same for 100 Years"
DISTILLED AND BOTTLED IN BOND BY
A. OVERHOLT & CO.
Pittsburgh, Pa.

Copyright 1912 by Keppler & Schwarzmann.



Puck Proofs

By Hill.

HAND PAINTED. By W. E. Hill.
Proof in Colors, 14 x 12 in.
PRICE TWENTY-FIVE CENTS.

Copyright 1912 by Keppler & Schwarzmann.



THE OPTIC NERVE.
Proof in Carbon Black, 8 x 11 in.

By W. E. Hill.
PRICE 25 CENTS.

These are but two examples of the PUCK PROOFS. Send Ten Cents for Fifty-page Catalogue of Reproductions in Miniature.

Address PUCK
295-309 Lafayette St.
NEW YORK

"SEE AMERICA FIRST."



Courtesy of
Old Dominion Steamship Co.

VIRGINIA: FORTRESS MONROE.
LIVE OAKS AND PARADE GROUNDS.

Walk, — You, Walk!

THIS is the poem that you read in PUCK years ago and have been looking for ever since. We have now issued

"WALK,
— YOU,
WALK!"

as a Booklet, in large, readable type, with the original illustrations, at

Ten Cents per Copy.



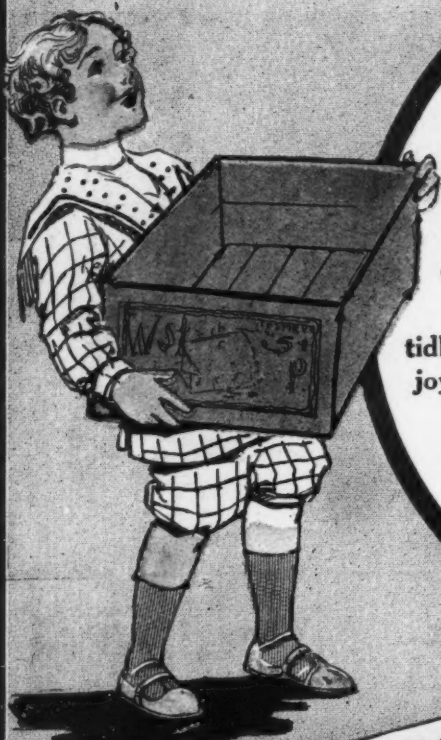
Admirers of this famous poem will appreciate the opportunity to secure copies in handy pocket form. For sale by all booksellers and news-dealers, or mailed postpaid on receipt of price. Address

PUCK, :: 295-309 Lafayette Street, :: New York

"Why are you bringing that?"

"Cause you promised me
a whole box of

**WRIGLEY'S
SPEARMINT**



It's
one of the few
things your children
like that's good for them.

Every stick of this mint juice dainty
benefits teeth and aids digestion. But
if you buy it by the box, it benefits more,
costs less and stays fresh until used.

This refreshing, nerve-soothing, time-passing
tidbit purifies breath after smoking. It's all en-
joyment and all benefit, all day long, for all ages.

BUY IT BY THE BOX

of any dealer. It's beneficial economy.

*Look for the Spear!
The Flavor Lasts!*

